SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER L-Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Bol-duc, a half-breed. She runs away.

CHAPTER II.—Chip reaches the camp of Martin Frisble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisble.

CHAPTER III—Explains journey of Frisble's party into woods is to visit father of Mrs. Frisble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same cance.

CHAPTER IV.—The party reach camp of Mrs. Frishle's father and are wel-comed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the her-mit. They settle down for summer's stay.

CHAPTER V.—Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realized this but Cy Walker. Strange cance marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin.

CHAPTER VE-Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer.

CHAPTER VIL-Chip's one woods riend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp, tay believes he sees a bear on the

CHAPTER IX.—Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returned from the settlement. Bolduc escapes.

CHAPTER X.—Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remais in the woods with himself and Amri and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Other of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them.

CHAPTER XI.—Chip starts to school greenvals, and finds life unpleasant t Aunt Comfert's, made so especially by lannah.

CHAPTER XIL-Old Cy and Ray dis-over strange tracks in the wilderness. CHAPTER XIII.—Thep penetrate fur-ther into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about their cabin.

CHAPTER XIV.—They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Pete Bolduc, seeking revenge for losing the girl he had bought, is also on the trail of McGuire.

CHAPTER XV.—Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. CHAPTER XVI.—Spring has come and Ray leaves the woods with Levi, leav-ing Old Cy and the hermit, Amei, at the

CHAPTER XVIII.—Chip tells Ray of her troubles in Greenvale. Ray fails to visit her the first evening of his arrival, and Ray explains.

CHAPTER XIX.—Ray wants Chip return to the woods with them, but a feeling that the old comradeship w Ray has been broken, refuses. Wi they part, however, it is as lovers.

CHAPTER-XX.—Chip runs away from Aunt Comfort's and finds another home-with Judson Walker. She gives her name as Vera Raymond.

CHAPTER XXI.—Aunt Abby, Aunt Mandy Walker's sister, visits them, and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove.

CHAPTER XXII.—Chip goes to school at Christmas Cove. She tells Aunt Abby the story of her life. Aunt Abby tells har of their family, and she discovers that Cy Walker is a long-lost brother of Judson Walker, but fear of betraying her hiding place prevents her telling of Cy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

appeared to miss him and became bar and thwart. more morose than ever. He never Now Old Cy became almost a walking hopes and plans. He had bent every energy and thought to secure for Ray a valuable stock of furs and gum, and, had rested there many months. as with his nature, felt a keen satis. I hundred dollars.

Now Ray had departed, furs, gum and all. He had promised to return that Old Cy felt somewhat dubious, and so the old man mourned.

There was no real reason for it, for was blue and rippled by the June breezes; trout leaped out of it night and morning; flowers were blooming. squirrels frisking, birds singing and nest-bulding; and what Old Cy most enjoyed, the vernal season was at hand.

Another matter also disturbed him -the whereabouts of McGuire and the half-breed, Pete Bolduc.

Levi had brought the information that neither had been seen nor heard of since the previous autumn; but that was not conclusive, and somehow Old Cy felt that a certain mystery had attached itself to them, and once we suspect a mystery, it pursues us like a phantom. He did not fear either of these renegades, however. He had never harmed them. But he felt that any day might bring a call from one or the other, or that some tragic outcome would be disclosed.

Another problem also annoyed him who this thief of their game could be, and whether his supposed cave lair; was a permanent hiding spot.

Two reasons had kept Old Cy from another visit to that sequestered lake during the fall trapping season: first, its evident danger, and then lack of time. But now, with nothing to do except wait for the incoming ones, an impulse to visit again this mysterious spot came to him.

He had, at the former excursion, felt almost certain that this unknown trapper was either McGuire or the halfbreed. Some assertions made by Levi seemed to corroborate that theory, and impelled by it, Old Cy started alone. one morning, to visit this lake again. It took him until midday to carry his canoe, camp outfit, rifle, and all across from the stream to stream, and twilight had come ere he reached the la. Old Cy advanced and seered into this

goon where he and Ray had left the main stream and camped. Up here Old Cy now turned his cance, and repairing the bark shack they had built," which had been crushed by winter's

snow, he camped there again. Next morning, bright and early, he dark gorge and out into the rippled lake again

Here he halted and looked about. No signs of aught human could be cause. The long, narrow lakelet meen. sparkled beneath the morning sun. The bald mountain frowned upon it, the jagged ledges just across faced him like serried ramparts, an eagle repose its blood-stained sequel. slowly circled overhead, and, best indeer stood loking at him from out an opening above the ledges.

Old Cy, glancing around; "but if this cupied one side of this cave; in front ain't a pictur worth rememberin', I never saw one. Wish I could take it



Followed the Winding Stream.

with me into t'other world; an' if I was sure o' flindin' a spot like it thar, "d never worry 'bout goin' when my time comes.

After a long wait, as if he wanted to observe every detail of this wondrous pleture of wildwood beauty, he dipped his paddle, crossed the sheet of rippled water, and stepped ashore at the very spot where he and Ray had landed over eight months before.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, glancing around, "if that ain't a canoe, bottom up! Two, by ginger!" he added, as he saw another drawn out and half hid by a low ledge.

To this second one he hastened at once and looked into it.

It had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with wa- , ter, and half affoat in it were two pad
In this case it was true, for as Old upon Old Cy's person the bills found Cy bent to light his second torch ere upon Old Cy's person the bills found dles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax Old Cy especially found life dull were rusting in the other, and a coatafter Ray had gone. The hermit also ing of mould had browned each cross-

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, had been what might be termed social, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it speaking only when spoken to, and over, and then he advanced to the then only in the fewest possible words. other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid sphinx, and found that time passed back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two slowly. His heartstrings had some paddles leaned against this ledge, and how become entwined with Ray's near by was another setting pole. All three of these familiar objects were brown with damp mould and evidently

"Curis, curis," muttered Old Cy faction in belging that youth to a few again. "I callated I'd find nothin" here, 'n' here's two canoes left to rot, 'n' been here all winter."

Then with a vague sense of need, he with Martin and Angle later on, but of returned to his cance, seized his rifle, looked all around, over the lake, up into the green tangle above the ledges, and finally followed the narrow pasall Nature was now smiling. The lake sage leading to where he had once watched smoke arise. Here on top of this ledge he again halted and looked about.

> Back of it was the same V-shaped cleft across which a cord had held drying pelts, the cord was still there, and below it he could see the dark skins amid the confusion of jagged stones.

Turning, he stepped from this ledge to the lower one nearer the lake. walked down its slope, and looked about sgain. At its foot was a long, narrow, shelf-like projection, ending at the corner of the ledge. Old Cy followed this to its end and stepped down

into a narrow crevasse. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, taking a backward step as he did so.

And well he might, for there at his feet lay a rifle coated with rust beside a brown felt hat.

Had a grinning skull met his eyes he would not have been more astounded. In fact, that was the next object he expected to see, and he glanced up and down the crevasse for it. None leered at him, however, and picking up the rusted weapon, he continued his search.

Two rods or so below where he had climbed the upper ledge, he was halted again, for there, at his hand almost, was a curious doorlike opening some three feet high and one foot wide, back of an outstanding slab of slate.

The two abandoned canoes had surprised him, the rusty rifle astonished him, but this, a self-evident cave entrance, almost took his breath away.

For one instant he glanced at it, stepped back a step, dropped the rusty rifle and cocked his own, as if expecting a ghost or panther to emerge. None came, however, and once more

opening. A faint light illumined its interior-a weird s'ant of sunlight, yet enough to show a roomy cavern. The mystery was solved. This sure-

ly was the hiding spot of the strange trapper!

Here, in the dim light and with trembling hands, he filled the cans once "Can't see why I missed it afore," more, and almost staggered, so faint Old Cy muttered, kneeling that he was he from excitement, he hurrled might better look within, and sniffing to the canoe, and packing them in its at the peculiar odor. "Wonder if the bow, covered the precious cargo with cuss is dead in thar, or what smells his blanket.

80!" Then he arose and grasped the slab of slate. One slight pull and it fell aside.

"A nat'ral door, by hokey!" exclaimed Old Cy, and once more he knelt and looked in.

The bravest man will hesitate a moment before entering such a cavern, prefaced, so to speak, by two abandoned canoes, a rusty rifle, human head covering, each and all bespeaklaunched his cance and once more fol- ing something tragic, and Old Cy was lowed the winding stream through the no exception. That he had come upon some grewsome mystery was apparent. Canoes were not left to rot in the wilderness or rifles dropped without

And then, that hat!

Surely here, or hereabouts, had been enacted a drama of murderous nature, and inside this cavern might

But the filtering beams of light endication of primal solitude, an antiered couraged Old Cy, and he entered. No ghastly corpse confronted him, but instead a human, if cramped, abode. A "Guess I'm alone here!" exclaimed fireplace deftly fashioned of siate oc a low table of the same flat stone, resting upon small ones; and upon the table were rusty tin dishes, a few mouldy hardtack, a knife, fork, and scraps of meat, exhaling the odor of decay. A smell of smoke from the charred wood in the fireplace mingled with it all. In one corner was a bed of brown fir twigs, also mouldy, a blanket, and tanned deerskins.

The cave was of oval, irregular shape, barely high enough for Old Cy to stand upright. Across its roof, on either side of the rude chimney, a narrow crack admitted light, and as he looked about, he saw in the dim light another doorlike opening into still another cave. Into this he peered, but could see nothing.

"A queer livin' spot," he muttered at last, "a reg'lar human panther den. An' 'twas out o' this I seen the smoke come. An here's his gun," he added, as, more accustomed to the dim light, he saw one in a corner. "Two guas, two canoes, an' nobody to hum," he continued. "I'm safe, anyhow. But I've got to peek into that other cave, sartin sure," and he withdrew to the open air.

A visit to a couple of birches soon provided means of light, and he again entered the cave. One moment more, and then a flaring torch of bark was thrust into the inner cave, a mere crevasse not four feet wide, and stooping. as he now had to, Old Cy entered and knelt while he looked about.

He saw nothing here of interest except the serried rows of jutting slate, across two of which lay a slab of the same-no vestige of aught human, and Old Cy was about to retreat when his flare burning close to his finger tips unnoticed, caused him to drop it on the instant, and drawing another from his pocket he lit it while the flame lasted in the first one.

It is said that great discoveries are almost invariably made by some trifling accident-a gold mine found by stumbling over a stone, a valley prolific of diamonds disclosed by digging for water.

in this case it was true, for as Old | were buried deep in the sand, and withdrew from the inner cave. flash of reflected light came from beneath this slab-only for one second. but enough to attract his attention. He stooped again and lifted the slab

Six large tin cans had been hidden by t. He grasped one and could scarce lift it. Again his fingers closed over it. He crawled backward to the bet er-lighted cave and drew the cover off the can with eager motion, and oured a heap of shining, glittering in out upon that food-littered table.

Into that dark hole he dived again, as a starved dog leaps for food, seized the cans, two at a time, almost tumbled back, and emptied them. Four had been filled with gold coin and two stuffed with paper money. Folded with these bills of all de-

nominations from one to fifty dollars was a legal paper yellowed by age. with a red seal still glowing like a spot of blood.

It was an innholder's license, authorizing one Thomas McGuire to furnish food, shelter, and entertainment for man and beast. With eyes almost tear-dimmed and

heart throbbing at having found poor | Hersey came in early this spring with Chip's splendid heritage, Old Cy now

The sharp stones upon which he at Tim's Place, and even went over knelt nearly pierced his flesh, but he felt them not. The glint of sunlight from the crack above caressed his scant gray hairs

and white fringing beard, forming almost a halo, yet he knew it not. He only knew that here, before him. on this rude stone table, lay thousands of dollars, all belonging to the child

he loved. "Thank God, little gal," he said at last, "I've found what belongs to ye, 'n' ye hain't got to want for nothin' no more. I wish I could kiss ye now."

this section was gittin' too warm for Little did he realize that at this very moment of thankfulness for her sake, poor Chip was lost to all who knew her, and, half starved and almost hopeless, knew not where to answered Old Cy, 'an' I'm sartin none find shelter.

CHAPTER XXIV. When Old Cy emerged from the

cave, his face glorified and heart throbbing with the blessings now his this mountain-hid lake could tell. to give Chip, he looked about with almost fear. The two abandoned canoes and the trusty rifle had seemed an assurance of tragic import, and yet no proof of this outlaw's death. this cave had been his lair, could not be doubted; and so momentous was this discovery, and so anxious was Old Cy to rescue this fortune, that he trembled with a sudden dread. But no sign of human presence met his sweeping look.

The lake still rippled and smiled in the sunlight. Two deer, a buck and doe were 'co''er on the week rooms in' that time, I s'pose?"

that rusty rifle still uttered its fatal message.

Then he ran like a deer back to the

cave, closed it with the slab, grasped

his rifte, and not even looking at the

rusty one, bounded down the path to

his cance again, launched it, and

a craft. And now, as he swung its

prow around toward the outlet, a curi-

Far up the lake, and where no ripple

concealed it, lay what looked like a

floating log, clasped by a human arm.

Cy never could explain, for escape

from the lake was now his sole thought.

And yet, with one sweep of his paddle

he turned his cance and sped across

the lake. And now, as he neared this

object, it slowly outlined itself, and he

saw a grewsome sight,-two bloated

corpses grasping one another as if in

bronze red, the other a hideously

scarred face with lips drawn and teeth

Hate, Horror and Death personlified.

Only for a moment did Oid Cy

The bright sun still smiled calm and

watched him with curious eyes; but

he saw them not-only the winsome

face and appealing eyes of Chip as he

And now in the prow of his canoe

lay her fortune, her heritage, which

was, after all, but scant return for all

the shame and sigma so far meted

It was almost sunset ere Old Cy, his

nerves still quivering and wearled as

never before, crossed the little lake

and breathed a sigh of heart-felt grat-

itude as he drew his canoe out on the

sandy shore near the ice house. No

one was in sight, nor likely to be. A

thin column of smoke rising from the

cabin showed that the hermit was still

on earth, and now for the first time

Old Cy sat down and considered his

First and foremost, not a soul, not

even his old trusted companion here.

not even Martin, or Angle, and cer-

tainly not Ray, must learn what had

now come into his possession. Neither

must his journey to this far-off lake or

aught he had learned there be dis-

But how was he to escape from the

woods and these people, soon to ar-

rive for their summer sojourn? And

what if Chip herself should come?

Two conclusions forced themselves

upon him now: first, he must so con-

ceal the fortune that none of these

friends even could suspect its pres

ence; next, he must by some pretext

leave here as soon as Martin and his

party arrived, and cease not his

was safe in some bank in her name.

ture moves decided upon, he hurried

to the cabin, greeted Amzi, urged him

to hasten supper, and, securing a

amounted to, he had not even guessed,

nor scarce thought. To secure it and

bear it safely away from this now al-

most accursed lake had been his sole

thought and must be until locks and

bolts could guard it better. That

Two days after, just as the sun was

How grateful both Old Cy and Amzi

nearing the mountain top, Martin, An-

were for their arrival, how eagerly

they grasped hands with them at the

landing, and how like two boys Mar-

tin and Ray behaved needs no de-

All that had happened in Greenvale

was soon told. Chip's conduct and

progress were related by Angle

Ray's plans to remain here another

winter were disclosed by him; and

then, when the cheerful party had

gathered about the evening fire, Mar-

"I met Hersey as we were coming

in," he said, "and he says that neither

McGuire nor the half-breed has been

seen or heard of since early last fall.

one of his deputies; they visited a

half dozen lumber camps, called twice

to Pete's cabin on the For Hole, but

nowhere could they learn anything of

these two men. More than that, no

canoe was found at Pete's hut, and

there was no sign of occupation at all

this past winter. Nothing could be

learned from Tim, either, although

not much was expected from that

source. It is all a most mysterious

disappearance, and the last that we

can learn of Pete was his arrival and

departure from Tim's Place after we

'em," remarked Levi, "an' they've lit

"It's good riddance if they have."

And Old Cy spoke the truth, for

none of this party ever did. In fact,

no human being, except himself and

Martin, ever learned the secret that

But another matter now began to

interest Old Cy-bow Ray and Chip

stood in their mutual feelings. That

all was not as he wished, Old Cy soon

guessed from Ray's face and actions,

said to Ray when the chance came.

away, "she appeared to be. I wasn't

in Greenvale but two weeks, you

"Wal, how'd ye find the gal?" he

"Why, yes," answered Ray, looking

"Saw her 'most every evenin' dur-

and he was not long in verifying it.

"Was she glad to see ye?"

on us'll ever set eyes on 'em ag'in."

'I think both on 'em has concluded

rescued Chip.

out."

know."

tin touched upon another matter.

scription.

gie, Levi and Ray entered the lake.

night Old Cy hardly slept a moment.

In five minutes the cans of gold

shovel, returned to his canoe.

watchful care until Chip's heritage

And now, with so much of his fu-

plans for the near future.

glance at this ghastly sight, and then

he turned again and sped back across

a death grapple. One had hair of

What intuition led him hither, Old

ous object met his eyes.

Never before had it seemed so frail

pushed off.

exposed.

last beheld them.

out to her.

closed.

Te Just Beross, While W. his feet

"No, not every one," returned "ay, vaguely; "her school hadn't closed when I got home, and she studied Once more Old Cy glanced all about, nights, you see." and then entered the cave again.

Old Cy watched Ray's face for a mo ment. "I ain't pryin' tato yer love matters," he said at last, "but as I'm on your side, I'd sorter like to know how

it's progressin'. Wa'n't thar nothin' said 'tween ye-no sort o' promise, 'fore ye come 'way?" "No, nothing of that sort," answered

Ray, looking confused, "though we parted good friends, and she sent her love to you. I'm afraid Chip don't quite like Greenvale."

Old Cy made no answer, though a smothered "hum, ha" escaped him at the disclosure of what he feared.

"I wish ye'd sorter clinched matters 'fore ye left," he said, after a pause; "that is, if ye're callatin' to be here 'nother winter. It's most too long to keep a gal guessin'; 'sides, 'tain't right."

Ray, however, made no defense, in fact, seemed guilty and confused, so Old Cy said no more.

A few days later he made a pro posal that astonished Martin. "I've been here now bout two years," he said, "an' I'm gittin sorter

oneasy. I callate ye kin spare me a couple o' weeks " No intimation of his real errand escaped him, and so adroitly had he laid his plans and timed his move-

ments, that when his canoe was packed

and he bade them good-by, no one suspected how valuable a cargo it carried. But Old Cy was more than "sorter oneasy," for the only spot where he dared close his eyes in sleep during serene, the morning breeze still kissed that three days' journey out of the the blue water, the two deer still wilderness was in his cance, with his head pillowed on that precious gold.

CHAPTER XXV.

When Old Cy joined the little party at the lake again he seemed to have aged years. His sunny smile was gone. He looked weary, worn and dis-

"Chip's run away from Greenvale," he said simply, "an' nobody can find hide nor hair on her. They've fol lered the roads for miles in every direction. Nobody can be found that's seen anybody like her 'n' they've even dragged the mill-pond. She left a note chargin' it to that durn fool, Hannah, and things she said, which I guess was true. I'd like to duck her in the hoss-pond!"

Such news was like a bombshell in the camp, or if not, what soon followed was, for after a few days Old Cy made another announcement which upset the entire party.

"I think I'd best go back to Greenvale," he said, "an' begin a sarch for that gal. I ain't got nobody in the world that needs me so much, or I them. I'm a sorter outcast myself, ez you folks know. That little gal hez crept into my heart so, I can't take no more comfort here. Amzi don't need me so much as I need her 'n' I've made up my mind I'll start trampin' till I find her. I've a notion, too, she'll head for the wilderness ag'ln, 'n' I'm most sartin she'll fetch up whar her mother was buried. I watched that gal middlin' clus all last summer. She's true blue 'n' good grit. She





Old Cy Now Gazed at It.

won't do no fool thing, like makin'. 'way with herself, 'n' I'll find her some whar arnin' ber own livin' if I live long 'nuff. From the note she left, I know that was in her mind."

Martin realized that there was no use in trying to change Old Cy's intent-in fact, had no heart to do so. for he too felt much the same toward Chip.

"I'll give you all the funds you need, old friend," he made answer, "and wish you God-speed on your mission. I'll do more than that even. I'll pay some one to watch at Grindstone for the next year, so if Chip reaches there, we can learn it."

That night he held a consultation with his wife.

"I suspect we are somewhat to blame for this unfortunate happening," he said to her, "or, at least, some thoughtless admissions you may have made led up to it. It's a matter we are responsible for, or I feel so, anyway. I think as Old Cy does, that this girl must be found if money can do it, and I propose that we break camp and return to Greenvale. If Amzi can't be coaxed to go along, I must leave Levi with him. No power on earth can keep Old Cy here any longer."

But the old hermit had changed somewhat since that night he broke away and returned to this camp, and when the alternative of remaining here alone, or going out with them all, was presented, he soon yielded.

"If Cyrus is goin', I'll have to," he said. "I'd be lonesome without him." And to this assertion he adhered. Ray, however, was the most deject

ed and unhappy one now here, though fortunately Old Cy was the only one who understood why, and he kept silent. They were even more sad when Aunt

Comfort showed them Chip's message, and Angle read it with brimming eyes. And now came Old Cy's departure, on a quest as hopeless as that of the Ancient Mariner's. But the climar was reached when

Old Cy gave Martin his parting message and charge:

"Here's a bank book," he said "that calls fer 'bout \$60,000. It's the savin's o' McGuire, 'n' belongs to Chip. I found the cave whar 'twas hid. found McGuire 'n' the half-breed, both dead 'n' floatin in the lake clus by, an' 'twas to keer fer this money I quit ye three weeks ago.

"If I never come back here,-an' I never shall 'thought I find Chip,-keep it fer her. Sometime she may show up. If ever she does, tell her Old Cy did all he could fer her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Life at Peaceful Valley and the

home of Judson Walker fell into its usual monotony after Chip's depart-Each day Uncle Jud went about his

chores and his crop-gathering and watched the leaves grow scarlet, then brown, and finally go eddying up and down the valley, or heap themselves into every nook and cranny for final sleep. Existence had become something

like this to him, but he could no longer anticipate a vernal budding forth as the leaves came, but only the sear and tutumn for himself, with the small and sadly neglected churchyard at the Corners for its ending. Snow came and piled itself into fan-

tastic drifts. The stream's summer chatter was hushed. The cows, chickens, and his horse, with woodcutting, became his sole care. Once a week he journeyed to the Corners ings. for his weekly paper and Mandy's errands, always hoping for a message from Chip. Now and then one came, a little missive in angular chirography, telling how she longed to return to them, which they read and reread by candlelight.

Somehow this strange wanderer, this unaccounted for waif, had crept into his life and love as a flower would, and "Pattycake," as he had named her, with her appealing eyes and odd ways, was never out of his thoughts.

And so the winter dragged its slow. chill course. Spring finally unlocked the brook once more, the apple and cherry blossoms came, the robins began nest-building, and one day Uncle Jud returned from the corner with a glad smile on his face.

"Pattycake's school's goin' to close in a couple o' weeks more, 'n' then she's comin' home," he announced, and Aunt Mandy, her face beaming, made haste to wipe her "specs" and read the joyous tidings.

For a few days Uncle Jud acted as if he had forgotten something and knew not where to look for it. He lingered about the house when he would naturally be at work. He peered into one room and then another, in an abstracted way, and finally Aunt Mandy caught him in the keepingroom, with one curtain raised,-a thing unheard of,-seated in one of the haircloth chairs and looking around.

"Mandy," he said, as she entered. "do you know, I think them picturs we've had hangin' here nigh on to 40 year is homely 'nuff to stop a horse, 'n' they make me feel like I'd been to a funeral. Thar's that 'Death Red o' Dan'l Webster,' an' 'Death o' Montcalm, 'specially. I jest can't stand 'em no longer, an' 'The Father o' His Country.' I'm gittin' tired o' that, 'n' the smirk he's got on his face. I feel jest as though I'd like to throw a stun at him this minute. You may feel sot on them picturs, but I'd like to chuck the hull kit 'n' boodle into the cow those two brothers together without shed. An' them winder curtains," he first confessing. Old Cy must be told, continued, looking around, "things so of course. She could explain her conblue they make me shiver, an' this carpet with the figgers o' green and yal- her, she thought, and then, maybe, find ler birds, it sorter stuns me.

"Now Pattycake's comin' purty soon. She must 'a' seen more cheerful keepin' rooms'n ourn, 'n' I'm callatin' we'd best rip this 'un all up an' fix it new. Then thar's the front chamber-in fact, both on 'em-with the yaller spindle beds 'n' blue curtains, an' only a square of rag carpet front o' the dressers. Say, Mandy," he continued, looking around once more. blue curtains?"

His discontent with their home now took shape in vigorous action, and you girlie," he continued, turning to Aunt Mandy came to share it. Trip after trip to the Riggsville store was rolls of carpeting arrived at the station six miles away, and came up the valley. A paperhanger was engaged and kept busy for ten days. The death-bed pictures were literally kicked into the cow shed, and in three weeks four rooms had been so reconstructed and fitted anew that no one would recognize them.

Meanwhile Uncle Jud had utterly neglected his "craps," while he worked around the house. The wide lawn had been clipped close. A new picket fence, painted white, replaced the leaning, zigzag one around the garden. Weeds and brush disappeared, and only Aunt Mandy's protest saved the ploturesque brown house from a coat of

And then "Pattycake" arrived. Nearly a year before she had been brought here, a weary, bedraggled, dusty, half-starved waif. Now Uncle Jud met her at the station, his face

been done in her honor and to make her welcome, her eyes filled. "I never thought anybody would care for me like this," she exclaimed, and then glancing at Uncle Jud, her eyes alight, she threw her arms about his neck and, for the first time, kissed

shining; Aunt Mandy clasped her

close to her portly person; and as

Chip looked around and saw what had

him. And never in all his life had he felt more amply paid for anything he had

Then and there, Chip resolved to do something that now lay in her power -to face shame and humbled pride and all the sacrifice it meant to her in the end, and reunite these two longseparated brothers. But not now, no, not yet.

Before her lay two golden joyous summer months. Aunt Abby was coming up later. She could not face her own humiliation now. She must wait until these happy days were past, then tell her wretched story, not sparing Wandering Jew and as pathetic as the herself one lota, and then, if she must,

to her way, an outcast into the world

choking back a lump; "why, we'll aik

How utterly wrong she was in this conclusion, and how little she understood the broad charity of Uncle Jud. need not be explained. She was only a child as yet in all but stature. The one most bitter sneer of malicious Hannah still rankled and poisoned her common sense. Its effect upon Chiphad been as usual on her nature and belief, and this waif of the wilderness, this grome child, must not be judged. by ordinary standards. Like reflections from grotesque mirrors, so had her ideas of right and duty been distorted by eerie influences and weird surroundings. There was first the unspeakable brutality of her father: then the menial years at Tim's Place, with no more consideration than a horse or pig received, her only education being the uncanny teachings of Old Tomah. Under this baleful tuition, coupled with the ever present menace and mystery of a vast wilderness, she passed from childhood into womanhood, with the fixed belief that human kind were no better than brutes; that the forest was peopled by a nether world of spites, the shadowy forms of both man and beast; and worse than this, that all thought and action here must be the selfish ones of personal gain and personal protection. Like a dog forever expecting a blow, like any dumb brute ever on guard against superior force, so had Chip grown to maturity, a cringing, helpless, almost hopeless creature, and yet one whose inborn impulses and desires revolted at her surround-

Once removed from these, however, and in a purer atmosphere, she was like one born again. Her past impressions still remained, her queer belief of present and future conditions was still a motive force, and the cringing. blow-expecting nature was yet hers.

For this reason, and because this new world and these new people were so unaccountable and quite beyond her ken in tender influence and loving care, what they had done and for what purpose seemed all the more impressive. But it was in no wise wasted; instead, it was like God-given sunshine to a flower that has never known aught except the chilling shadow of a dense forest.

And now ensued an almost pathetic play of interest, for Chip set herself about the duty of giving instead of obtaining pleasure.

She became what she was at Tim's Place,-a menial, so far as they would let her .-- and from early morning until bedtime, some step, some duty, some kindly care for her benefactors, was assumed by her. She worked and weeded in the garden, she drove and milked the cows, she followed Uncle-Jud to the hayfield, insisting that she must help, until at last he protested.

"I like ye 'round me all the time, girlie," he assured her, "for ye're the best o' company, 'n' I'd rather see yer face'n' any posy that ever grew. But you've got to quit workin' so much in the sun. 'Twill get yer hands all calloused 'n' face freckled, an' I won't have it. I want ye to injie yourself. read books, pick flowers, 'n' sit in the shade. I see ye've got into the habit o' workin', which ain't a bad 'un, but thar ain't no need on't here."

CHAPTER XXVII. For many weeks now Chip had suffered from a troubled conscience, and, like most of us, was unable to face its consequences and admit her sin.

Time and again she had planned how she could best erade it and yet bring duct to him. He would surely forgive another home for her somehow and somewhere. Oversensitive as she was, to now confess her cowardly concealment and her deception of those whohad loved and trusted her, seemed

horrible. But events were stronger than her will, for one day in the last of August. Uncle Jud returned from the village store, bringing dress materials and startling information. "Cap'n Bemis "how'd we ever happen to git so many is failin' purty fast," he said, "so Aunt Abby writes, an' she ain't comin' up here. It won't make no difference to Chip. "I've brought home stuff to rig ye out fer school. Miss Solen, the Two new chamber sets and dressmaker's comin' to-morrer, 'n' we'll take keer o' ye in good shape.

We've made up our minds ye belong to us fer good, me 'n' Mandy," he added, smiling at Chip, "an' I shall gowith ye to Christmas Cove, if Cap'n Bemis ain't improvin', 'n' find ye a boardin' place." "I'm awful sorry to hear 'bout the

Cap'n," interrupted Aunt Mandy, as if the other matter and Chip's future were settled definitely; "but if he drops off, Aunt Abby must come here fer good. I dunno but it'll be a relief," she added, looking at Uncle Jud and sighing. "'Twan't no lovematch in the first place, 'n' Abby's mind's always been sot on your brother Cyrus, 'n' she never quite gin up the idee he

was alive." And now a sudden faintness came to Chip as the chasm in her own life was thus opened. Only one instant she faltered, and then her defiant courage rose supreme and she took the plunge.

"Oh, your brother Cyrus isn't dead, Uncle Jud," she exclaimed; "he's alive and I know him. I've known it all summer and dare not tell because I'm a miserable coward and couldn't own up that I lied to you. My name isn't Raymond, it's McGuire; and my father was a murderer, and I'm nobody and fit for nobody. I know you'll all despise me now and I deserve it. I'm willing to go away, though," and the next instant she was kneeling before-

Uncle Jud and sobbing. It had all come in a brief torrent of pitiful confession which few would be brave enough to make. To Chip, seeing herself as she did,

it meant loss of love, home, respect, and all else she now valued, and that she must become a homeless wanderer once more. But Uncle Jud thought otherwise,

for now he drew the sobbing girl intohis lap.

"Quit takin' on so, girlie," he said,